BRITISH MUSEUM

THE TULIP,

OR, THE

MUSICAL COMPANION:

Being a COLLECTION of the Politeſt SONGS now in Vogue.

1 Ge, ho, Dobbin or the Waggoner.
2 Ge, up, Robin.
3 More, a new Song ſung by Mr. *Lowe* at *Vauxhall*.
4 Damon and Sylvia.
5 The Timerous Maid.
The Laſs of the Brook.
7 A Song in the Gamſter.
8 Jockey and the Damſel.
9 The Proud Lady turn'd Whore
10 The Girls Puniſhment in the Marſhalſea.
11 The Duraling.

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Ge, ho, Dobbin or the Waggoner.

AS I was driving my Waggon one day,
I met a young damsel, tight buxsome and gay, (bow,
I kindly accosted her with a low
And felt my whole body I cannot tell how.
Ge, ho, Dobbin! hi ho Dobbin
Ge, ho, Dobbin, hi, ho!
I long'd to be at her, and gave her a Kiss,
She thought me but civil, not took it amiss,
I knew no recalling the Minutes were past,
So began to make Hay while the Sunshine did last.
Ge, ho, dobbin, &c
I've six score of Sheep, and each has his Ewe,
And my Cows when they lack to the Parson's Bull go,
We're made for each other, I prithee comply,
She blush'd, her Eyes twinkled, she could not tell why,
Ah, poor Jenny, fearful Jenny, ah poor Jenny, hi, ho
I Kiss'd her again, she reply'd with disdain,
No Kisses I want, prithee take them again,
Then whisper'd me soft, the Weather was hot,
And her Mind ran on something she could not tellwhat.
Ah poor Jenny, coaxing Jenny, ah poor Jenny, hi ho,
Then down the Waggon this damsel I laid,
But still I kept driving, for driving's my Trad;
I rumpled her Feathers, and tickled her Scut,
And play'd the round Rubbers at two handed Put.
Well put Roger, well put Jenny, well put Roger, hi, ho.
Her breasts were as soft and as white as new cream
And her Motion kept pace with the Bells of my Team;
When her bubbies went up her plump buttocks went down,
And the Wheels seem'd to stand and the Waggon go round.
O brave Roger, drive on roger, o brave Roger, hi, ho.
Thus to and again to our pastime we went,
And my Cards I play'd fairly to Jenny's content;
I work'd at her Pump till my Sucker grew dry,
Then I left pumping, a good Reason why.
Ah poor Roger, broken back'd Roger, ge, ho, Roger hi, ho.
I thought e'er we parted to've had t'other blow
When slap went the Waggon wheel into a slough,
Which shatter'd her Premises out of repair,
Then Roger's Pump handle run the devil knows where.

Ah poor Roger, ſlimey Roger,
ah poor Roger, hi, ho

Ge up Robin.

AS I was driving my Waggon along,
The trees in full Bloom, the Birds in full ſong;
The yellow Corn nodded and waver'd to and fro,
So his team he kept whiſtling, with *Ge up, ge ho.*

A Maid he overtook, and he walk'd by her ſide,
The road being dirty, he ask'd her to ride,
Then he lifted her up, and ſhe lay at her eaſe,
He begg'd to lay by her, ſhe ſaid if you pleaſe.
Ge up, ge ho.

His Waggon he ſtop'd, and his leg o'er he laid.
O! what are you doing, then whiſper'd the Maid,
She ſtrug'd, ſhe threaten'd, ſhe vow'd ſhe'd be gone
Till fainter and fainter ſhe cried out drive on.
Ge up, ge ho.

He whiſtl'd on his fore Horſe and tinkl'd his bells,
Such muſick ye eunuchs your muſick excels,
She Kept time to his tuning, and ſigh'd at each ſound,
O dear ſaid ſhe, Robin, your Waggon goes round.
Well done Robin, &c.

She met him half way wit kiſs and a ſqueeze,
and kindly liſp'd out, You may do what you pleaſe,
Then ſoftly fell backward, and bid him drive on,
But the Whip handle broke, then his driving was done
Ah, poor Robin, &c.

Adzooks, cries *Robin*, my Gere is not tight,
Lend me thy hand Laſs to ſet it upright.
With a ſweet compliment ſhe aſſiſted the ſwain,
Then they went to driving, and driving again.
Ge up, ge ho.

MORE, A new Song, by Mr. *Lowe* at *Vauxhall.*

Would you think it my duck now my fault is my own
That at length your poor Jenny is coveteous grown,
A million of Fortunes wou'd laviſhly pour,
That I muſt be wretched if I have not——more
That I muſt be wretched if I have not----more.
Mamma ſhe cries, Jenny why make you this ado
You may have a Husband perhaps Child you may two

I pouted, I whimper'd, I fretted and ſwore;
I won'd not have One if I cou'd not have---more
I won'd have One if I cou'd not have--more
The Giant poor Devil has juſt now been here,
He has offer'd to ſettle Eight Hundred a Year.
I anſwer'd the Fellow as I did once before,
You know that won't do Sir, for I muſt have--more
You know that won't do Sir, for I muſt have--more
As gay I am, i could ſpend half my days,
In Dances in Opreas Redottos and Playes
That at length your poor jenny her fate may deplore
i ſtill muſt be wretched if i have not----more
i ſtill muſt be wretched if i have not---more
it's the ſame thing with pleaſure with money & man
And i think i ſhall never be happy again;
have lovers i have ſuitors
i have danglers great ſtore
But like a true Woman i ſtill ſigh for----more
i ſwear i vow and ſolemnly proteſt,
For a ſuiter has never once enter'd my breaſt;
i would not envy a Miſer his ſtore
if i had but enough for for my ſelf and one--more
if i had but enough for myſelf and one--more
Now you'll wonder my fair ones who this charmer can be
Whoſe favours has boaſted ſuch a conqueſt with me;
You would fain know his Name i have told you before
it begins wieh an M, but i dare not ſay----more
it begins with an M, but i dare not ſay----more.

Damon and *Selvia.*

He. DEAR *Sylvia* no longer my Paſſion diſdain,
Nor arm thus with Terror thoſe beautiful Eyes.
Nor arm thus with Terror thoſe beautiful Eyes.
They become not Diſdain, but moſt charming would prove,

If once they were ſoften'd with Smile,
and with Love. (and with Love,
If once they were ſoften'd with Smile,
She. Whilſt I with a Smile can each
Shepherd ſubdue, (you
Oh! *Damon*, I muſt not be ſoften'd by
Nor fondly give up, in an unguarded
Hour, (Power.
The Pride of each Woman, unlimited
He. Tho' Power, my Dear, be to
Deities given, (Heaven:
Yet generous Friendſhip's the Darling
And, oh! be that Friendſhip extended
to me, (but thee.
I'll kneel, and acnowled ge no Goddeſs
She. Suppoſe to your Suit I ſhoul'd
liſten awhile, (Smile.
And only for Pity's Sake grant you a
He. Nay, ſtop not at that, but your
Kindneſs improve,
And let gentle Pity be ripen'd to Love.
She. Well then, faithleſs Swain, I'll
examine my Heart,
And, if it be poſſible, grant you a Part.
He. Now that's like yourſelf, like
an Angel expreſs'd, the reſt.
For grant me but Part, and I'll ſoon ſteal
She. Ta e heed, ye fair Maidens,
with Caution believe; deceive:
For Love's an Intruder, and apt to
For when the leaſt Part the ſly Urchin
hath gain'd, (obtain'd.
You'll ne'er be at eaſe till the Whole is

The Timerous Maid.

AS t'other day o'er 'a
green meadow I paſs'd,
A Swain overtook me and
held my hand faſt;
Then cry'd my dear Lucey,
thou cauſe of my care?
How long muſt your faithfull
young thirſis deſpair,
To crown my ſoft wiſhes
no longer be ſhy,
But frowning, I cry'd, O
fie, Shepherd, fie!
He told me, his paſſion like
time ſhould endure
And Beauty that kindles
his Flame, ſhould ſecure
That all my ſoft Charms
were for Pleaſure deſign'd
And Youth was the ſeaſon
to love and be kind.
Lord! What could I ſay I
could hardly deny;
But faintly I mutter'd, Oh,
fie, ſhepherd, fie.
He ſwore, with a kiſs, that
he would not refrain
I told him 'twas rude;
but he kiſs'd me again.
My conduct, ye Fair ones,
in Queſtion ne'er call,
Or think I did Wrong; I
did nothing at all:
Reſolv'd to reſiſt, yet inclind
to comply,
Now gueſs if I ſtill cry'd,
Oh, fie, Shepherd, fie.

The Laſs of the Brook.

ON a Brook's graſſy Brink in the Willows cool Shade,
The Primroſes preſſing reclin'd a fair Maid,
She por'd o'er the ſtream that limp'd idly along,
Well pleas'd ſaw herſelf, and thus tun'd her ſoft ſong
Well pleas'd, &c.
Tho' the ſquire's fine ſweetheart ſhould look in this ſtream,
if the Cryſtal tells truely more comely i ſeem,
is the Daiſy the peach or the ſtrawberry Die,
With white and red blooming more comely than i.
As oft through the churchyard on ſunday i ſtray,
With raptures they praiſe me, i keep on my Way,
While gaping lout's grinning o'er Tomb ſtones are laid,
And down looking ſeem not to hear what they ſaid.
Each kneeling Swain loudly proteks I am fair,
Yet none can delight me till Strephon I hear,
Speed your Search you ſhrill ſongſters ſtrephon till you ſee,
Then tell him he's ſtaid for he's ſtay'd for by me.

A Song in the Gamſter. Set by Mr. *Oſwald.*

WHen *damon* languiſh'd at my feet,
And I believ'd him true,
The monuments of delight how ſweet, (flew
But ah! how ſwift they
The ſunny hill, the flow'ry vale,
The garden and the grove;
Have eccho'd to his ardent tale,
And vows of endleſs love.
The conqueſt gain'd he left his prize,
He left her to complain,
To tell of joy with weeping eyes,
And meaſure time by pain.
But heaven will take the lovers part,
In pity to deſpair,
And the laſt ſigh that rends the heart,

Shall waft the ſpirit there.

Jockey and the Damſel.

AS Jockey was walking one Midſummer Morn
He ſat him down careleſs beneath a green Thorn,
He had not ſat long, till a Damſel came by,
To whom Jockey ſentforth a languiſhing Eye, a languiſh, a languiſhing Eye.
Did you ſee, ſays the fair one a fleec'd brindled Ram,
With two little lambkins trot each by their Dam?
If you did, gentle Shepherd pray tell me which way,
The innocent Rovers neglectfully ſtray.
The innocent Rovers neglectfully ſtray.
He told her he ſaw them haſtily by.
And make to the Copſe, tho' in faith twas a Lie.
The Damſel ſhe curt'ſied, and thank'd with a Bluſh;
But Jockey ſtole after and lurk'd in a Buſh.
She ſearch'd the copſe o'er tho' no ſheepſhe could find
And heartily curs'd the young Swain in her Mind.
She found ſhe was trick'd but alas! ſilly maid,
She knew not the Snare was ſo artfully laid.
The Shepherd appear'd and ſays he, Pretty Maid,
Thy Ewes and thy Lambkins have happily ſtray'd.
Then ſprung to her cloſely and raviſh'd a Kiſs;
But the maiden ſeem'd coy and cry'd, fie! 'twas amiſs.
Howe'er, as her Friends little Liberty gave,
She left her old Gaffar, to truſt a young Knave.
And now, tho' her Sheep are all ſafe in the pen,
She viſits the Copſe o'er again and again.

The Proud Lady turn'd Whore,

MY Neighbour be kind and come liſten to me,
'Tis of a cardinal, Muff and Negligee
And if you will me believe (do live.
'Twas worn by a Lady that in london
She ſaid I ſhall ſo admired be (ligee
When I have a cardinal, muff and a neg
I think ſome Lord will ſoon marry me
When i've a cardinal, muff & negligee

I had Stuff enough to make me a Gown,
To match it I was forced to ramble the town,
So that my design obtained might be
I will have enough for a Negligee.
Then on Sunday to Church away I will vaunt,
For now I'm compleat I hope you will grant,
I think that no Lady is so fine as me
For I have a cardinal Muff & Negligee
But I happened to one of my neighbours to speak
That I should be married one (Day next week
Whereat my Lord is so much enraged
That his Wrath I am afraid I cannot asswage.
And if that my Lord I cannot obtain
My cardinal, muff & Negligee is in vain,
And i must turn a Lady of the town,
That my cardinal, muff and Negligee (may'nt lay down
So now all proud Ladies take warning by me,
Aim not at cardinal muff or Negligee,
For the Lord he will never have me
Although I have a cardinal, muff and a Negligee.

The Duraling.

ONE morning on the Park-Parade,
To view the troops up starts a maid;
The captain cloathed in Scarlet pride
Boldly advanc'd by the soldiers side,
To the right, said he, to the left, sad she,
To the captain and his company?
I warrant i'll give you as good as you bring,
If you dare to engage with my Duraling.
Then as she cast her eyes about,
She espy'd the piper peeping out
Behind two little drummers lay.
She stole the pipe and began to play
The Drummer behind kept fast the door,
and beat the Preparation o'er and o'er,
So when she could keep it no longer within,
She beat a retreat to his Duraling.
The Captain went, the Lieutenant came,
And with his pike salutes the dame;
He boldly advanc'd with Shelaly in hand,
And bid her obey the word of command.
Take care, said he, why there said she,
To the Right and left open, my dear, said he,
I warrant I will give you as good as you bring,
When you dare approach with your Duraling.
Then the Chaplain came, as a Chaplain should,
With three Platoons both stout and good;
He preach'd to her the rod of Length,
And rammed it in with the rod of Strength.
My dear, quoth he, why there, said she,
O this is true Divinity;
Whenever you handle your text again,
a Pulpit make of my Duraling.

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